A. 6

A SATIRE Upon the TOWN.

Addreſs'd to a FRIEND in the

COUNTRY,

Diſſwading him from Coming up.

——*Simileſq; meorum*
Mille die verſas deduci poſſe——Horat. Sat. I. Lib. 2.

——*Si quis*
Opprobriis dignum laceravit, integer ipſe;
Solventur riſu tabulæ—— ibid.

Licens'd, Decemb. 12. 1692.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1692.

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A

SATIRE

Upon the

TOWN.

Advocating a FRIEND in the

COUNTRY.

Dissuading him from Coming up.

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be Sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall. 1687.

TO THE
READER.

'TIS not my Deſign to Apologize in Writing a Preface, for ſome will think it as frivolous to excuſe, as others will be unwilling to accept on't: And tho' my Reaſons may be good, and means well, yet they'll rather believe I do't to gain applauſe, than out of a real notion of Honeſty. 'Tho my chief intent is only to draw the affections of my own Party, as much as poſſibly I can to my aſſiſtance, that whenever my Adverſaries ſhall make any appearance, I may be the better able to withſtand their raſh and inconſiderate force, and I'me ſure their inveterate and manifeſt hatred to my Cauſe, will make their Arguments prove of leſs Authority againſt me, for Ignorance and Malice being Sworn Brothers, are ſeldom or never found apart: Then what Wiſe Man will give his Opinion in favour of thoſe two Antipodes to Virtue.

All, or moſt of the Gang boaſt of what Satisfaction and calmneſs of mind they enjoy, in preſerving their Conſciences free from the impoſition of an unlawful Oath, when this, alas! is a Happineſs far enough beyond their Sphere (as by their late Private Caballing has too plainly appear'd) then 'tis evident, that their aim reaches at nothing but Sedition, and Diſturbance, which they are continually forging amongſt us, and as often putting freſh Irons in the fire to accompliſh their Deſigns; but all has hitherto prov'd ineffectual, and the Deſign has hardly been hot, before the Action has been cold. Theſe are your Druid's *Sons of the true Mother Church, who would pull down her lofty head under a ſpecious Pretence of raiſing a more Stately Fabrick out of her Ruines.*

As for the more vulgar ſort, I rather conjecture them to be ſeduc'd through Ignorance, and a blind Zeal, than any ſqueamiſh Fit of Conſcience; and theſe two will have a ſhare in acting their Parts, tho' it only be to keep them from being idle: Nay, ſome of them make it the Delight of their Souls to blaſt the Reputation of all Honeſt Men, and not only to leſſen their Characters and Services, but to range them in the number of Publick Enemies; for they had rather a thouſand times ſee the Government ſink under Oppreſſion, than have it thought that any other hand than their own has Courage or Honeſty enough to ſave it, and Experience tells us, that when once the Gown-Men have Preach'd the People to Tinder, the leaſt ſpark ſets them on fire; ſo then they have nothing more to do, but to inculcate the Doctrine of Diſobedience, and leave the Multitude to chew upon't.

To the Reader.

I had not concern'd my ſelf to have Writ on ſo mean a Subject, had I not receiv'd very large Encouragement from ſome Gentlemen of my own Party, they telling me, that by expoſing their Faults, it might be a means to reclaim 'em, and bring 'em to a right ſenſe of their Errour: Theſe Perſwaſions alone wrought upon me, for I never was Ambitious of appearing in Print, more eſpecially when our Age is ſo wonderful Critical, that each Spark aſſumes to himſelf the Priviledge of Damning, (and perhaps) for no other reaſon, than only reading an Emblem of his own Actions in the ſenſe of a Line. Yet I hope, that ſome of you will prove of a more Candid Diſpoſition, or leaſtwiſe more Judicious.

But if the Genius *of my* Poem *attracts any accommodation, I don't doubt but it will tickle the Wounds of my Adverſaries, and ſo far anſwer Expectation, as to pleaſe where it hurts moſt: And what Wiſe Man can be angry with another, who ſtrives to make him ſmile againſt his Will; and even my Enemies muſt be Convinc'd, that I have very much rebated the edge of my* Satire, *in Relation to the Clergy, yet I could not forbear giving them a Gentile Gripe in my foregoing Paragraph; and tho' my* Satire *has ſhown them his Teeth by a forc'd grin, yet he has left them Laughing without a Wound.*

'Twill be ſatisfaction enough if my Satirick Smiles pleaſe the more moderate ſort; as for my Enemies, I expect nothing from 'em but Railings; for certainly their applauſe muſt be extorted; and whenever it comes, it's like the Melody of Syrens, *who Sing, not to ſtir up Mirth, but to draw you into farther Misfortunes.*

Impia ſub Dulci melle venena latent.

A SATIRE Upon the TOWN, &c.

With Calm Retirement, Peace, and Plenty Bleſt,
Of all the Wiſe Man's wiſh'd for Wealth Poſſeſt:
Of Care disburthen'd, and remov'd from Noiſe,
Incumber'd only with a Crow'd of Joys:
Puzl'd at nothing, but your ſelf to pleaſe,
Wrap'd up in ſweet Security, and Eaſe;
Sound Sleep at Nights, and welcom Toyls on Days!
What fond Deſire invades my good Old Friend,
To quit the Choiceſt Bleſſings Heav'n can ſend?

With juſt Diſdain, and Indignation fir'd,
How oft you've wiſh'd, you nothing more deſir'd,
Than to Poſſeſs that Portion of Eſtate,
Which God had giv'n, in an obſcure Retreat:
Where far from this Infeſted Nauſeous Town,
You might have room to think, and be alone:
Yet, ſick of Eaſe, and cloy'd with that Delight,
So Courted once, and wiſh'd for: Now you Write,
"The Country Air is wholſom, ſweet, and pure,
"'Tis true, but you're in Health, and need no Cure;
"Innocent, and free, you grant the Rural Sport,
"Yet but inſipid, when Compar'd to Court.
"Woods, Rivers, Dogs, and Hawks, make poor amends
"For loſs of Wit, and Company of Friends.
"O! the Sprightly Time, thoſe Days of Mirth,
"And Nights of Love! when ev'ry hour gave birth
"To New Delights, when not a minute flew,
"But follow'd Joys, or Joy did it purſue.

"With

" With Wine, and Chearful Friends, encompaſs'd round,
" Unlimited we all our Pleaſures found,
" Our Wine no meaſure knew, our Wit no bound.
" Not we on Time, but Time on us did wait,
" The Day roſe early, and the Night watch'd late:
" Night did not end, nor did the Day begin
" Our Play of Mirth, but only chang'd the Scene.

Thus, you relate, with Pleaſure, Pleaſures paſt,
Which, eagerly, again you long to taſt.
But, ah! my Friend, thoſe Golden Days are flown,
And barely the remembrance now's our own;
Remembrances of joys, which adds this Curſe
To loſs of better Days; deep ſenſe of worſe,
Swiftly we follow'd, what too ſwiftly ran,
And though each hour urg'd the foregoing on:
We added Spurs to Youth's too fiery Prime,
And fleeting Pleaſure imp'd the wings of Time.

Our gaudieſt Plumes, his Hoary Pinions dreſt,
With Youth we did his Aged Limbs Inveſt.
From unfledg'd Loves, the tender Down we clip'd,
Wits Soaring Quil, and Mirths gay feather ſtrip'd;
And all to flatter Time, and make him fine,
We ſpill'd his Sand, and fill'd his Glaſs with wine:
Ten Thouſand other Arts we did Eſſay,
Try'd all Allurements to beguile his ſtay,
And yet he ſtole inſenſibly away.
Ungrateful he, for all our favour ſhown,
Fraught with the Spoil, is treacherouſly flown;
While we of Beauty, Youth, and Love bereft,
To VVrinkles, Age, and Impotence are left.
Yet in the Even of our Life, and when
VVe ſee our ſetting Sun, we turn agen:
And oft review th' immenſity of ſpace,
So late enlighten'd by his Chearful Rays.

Sadly

Sadly we mourn the great decay of Light,
'Till equally at laſt, depriv'd of Sight,
We ſink in ſilence of Eternal Night.
Thus an unhappy wretch, when ſet adrift,
No help of Sails, or Oars, or Tackling left;
Views with deſparing Eyes, the much lov'd Shore,
And which, he ſhortly muſt behold no more:
Midſt of his horrour, vainly thinks upon
Thoſe paſt Delights his bleeding Soul has known.
Feeds his fix'd Eyes with the ſtill leſs'ning Coaſt,
'Till out of ſight, by ebbing Billows toſt,
He yields to Fate, and ſuffers to be loſt.

So we, dear Friend, when hurry'd down the ſtream,
Turn both our Eyes and Wiſhes back in vain;
Shrunk with degenerate Age, in vain we reach,
With dying hands, at high-flown Joys to catch:

Nature,

Nature, in all things elſe, has ebbs, and flows,
What Autumn withers, with the next Spring grows,
But, Life, alas! once ebb'd, no reflux knows.
Yet, could I by unpreſidented Art,
Freſh Youth, and Vigour to my Limbs impart;
Might I, again repeat my ſtint of Days,
And like th' immortal Bird, from embers raiſe
New vital flame; I would refuſe to live:
That Mightieſt, moſt priz'd Boon, which Fate can give,
I would deſpiſe, if with it 'twere enjoyn'd,
My Life ſhould be to this Curs'd Town Confin'd:
Not I, by Heav'n, I'de not be brib'd by Fate,
So much the buſie Factious Place I hate.

The Town! if Heav'n had no more mercy for't,
'Thad long ſince been to its hot Vengeance ſport:
Long ſince, 'thad glow'd with the ſame Puniſhment,
Its Predeceſſor *Sodom* underwent.

That

That Towring heighth, which more each day appears,
As if it took increaſe from Orphan's Tears,
The Cries of VVidows, and the wrongs of Heirs.
Had long ago, in humble ruines bow'd,
Her ruine beſt her guilty head can ſhrow'd.

Where Treaſons, Plots, and Factions hourly grow,
VVhence all Malignant Pois'nous Humours flow:
As from the Ocean, hence all take their Riſe,
VVhoſe Streams ſupply the Country ſtill with Vice;
And having ſpread Contagion round the Earth,
Back to that Womb return, which gave 'em Birth.
Where new Diviſions, Sects, and Hereſies,
Religious Schiſms, and State Conſpiracies
Are daily forg'd, where all the murm'ring Tribe,
Repiners at the Government reſide.
Where all thoſe Snarling, Mercenary Curs,
The Gang of *Pamphleteers*, and *Libellers*

Are

Are fed, a tingling Vermin, which foment
The Epidemick Itch of Diſcontent:
A Pack of Slaves, that ſhall for Half a Crown,
Their King, their Country, or their God diſown:
Prepar'd alike, for any Cauſe to VVrite,
As Lawyers Plead for Pelf, and *Switzers* Fight.
Theſe, with that reſtleſs, and uneaſie Crew,
VVho ever are for Setling Things anew,
VVhoſe Principle is always to Diſſent
(VVhat e'er it be) from th' Preſent Government:
Of all the Plagues that do infeſt the Town,
Theſe the moſt inſupportable are grown.
Theſe are your Men of Conſcience, and of Zeal,
Still Lab'ring for the good o'th' Commonweal;
Champions, who ſet the Church and Nation free
From Arbitrary Pow'r, and Popery:
In this, they did Unanimouſly joyn,
Nay, theſe were foremoſt in the Grand Deſign.

Preſt

Preſt on to be the firſt o'th' numerous Tribe,
VVho did their Titles, or their Names ſubſcribe;
But who expects a Violence ſhould laſt?
Theſe Men outran their Conſciences for haſte;
And now, as eagerly turn back, to find
The little Puling thing they left behind.
So an ill tepmer'd String, when wound ſo high,
To paſs the due degree of Harmony;
Unable the immoderate ſtretch to bear,
Snaps, and ſhrinks back, in an unſeemly jarr.

" Bleſs us, what's here! we're finely trap'd (ſays one)
" While one extream induſtriouſly we ſhun,
'We've unawares into another run.
" We are from *Romiſh* Superſtition freed,
" But here's (what's worſe) Presbytery to ſucceed:
" Han't we juſt reaſon ſtill to be afraid?
' What's that but Popery in Maſquerade?

" This is falling from Purgat'ry, to Hell:
" The Patient's ill at eaſe, whom Doctors tell,
" A ſtronger Poiſon, muſt the weak expel.

A deſp'rate Cure, 'tis true, but I'de fain hear
What Remedy your wiſdom would prepare:
You, who with diſcretion hold the Scale,
And ballance both Extreams with temp'rate Zeal,
Whoſe Curious Prying Conſcience can deſcry
The Subtle Ambuſhes of Popery,
And therefore won't *Jack Presbyter* admit,
For fear his Cloak ſhould hide a Jeſuit,
Yet would the Int'reſt of your Church advance,
By baſely truckling to the Pow'r of *France*,
Profound Device! O what a Charm have we,
To keep us ſafe from Popiſh Tyranny!
O too too happy we, who can pretend
To have the Mighty Chriſtian King our Friend!

Who would not flye on wings of Joy, to meet
Divine Protection, at his Royal Feet?
That Greateſt, Juſteſt, and moſt Valiant King,
To whom the World o're long muſt Tribute bring!
Whoſe Bounteous Mercies flow ſo very faſt,
That e're we can receive 'em, they'l be paſt.
In time then let's our humble Offers make,
And ſwift Occaſion by the fore-lock take;
Call home again our Abdicated Prince,
VVho has been taught to Govern better, ſince
That Glorious Awful Preſident he ſaw,
Of him, whoſe *Will* he ever made his Law.
In Gentler Rule Inſtructed, and Mild Ares,
He will again redeem his Subjects Hearts.
No Laws Infring'd, nor no Diſpenſing Pow'r,
Nor Q----nor Priest, ſhall ever ride him more.
Nought ſhall be ſeen, but Acts of Grace, and Love,
No Scepter Sway'd, beſide the Peaceful Dove.

Then shall our British Isles look glad again,
And J----subordinate to *Lewis* Reign;
By his Advice alone the Helm shall Steer,
Guided by his Direction, who can fear?
From whose unbounded, and indulgent store,
Blessings on us incessantly shall show'r,
Blessings, perhaps not so to vulgar Sense,
(He does uncommon Benefits Dispense.)
But Wise Religious Heads know well what's meant
By all the various Plagues, from Heaven sent:
Can find the Tokens of Divine Affection,
In the severest smart of due Correction.
I'll fetch a Doctor straight, shall find ye out
A hundred Blessings in one Fit o'th' Gout.
So Royal Persecution is expedient,
To prove Good Subjects Passively Obedient----
Such are th' endearing Motives which perswade
I'invite the Christian Monarch to our aid.

He'll Health, and Safety to the Nation bring,
No worſe Phyſician, than he is a King.
Can Kingdoms Conſtitutions underſtand,
And feel how Pulſes beat, through all the Land.
Can ſure Preſcriptions give, knows when 'tis good,
To Purge the Realm, or Let it Blood.
Cures Feſter'd Hereſies by Ampulation,
Can Cauterize too, when there is occaſion.
And has Adminiſtred (they ſay) to ſome
The Meritorious Crown of Martyrdom:
Who but for him, perhaps had ne'er attain'd
That Heav'n, their former Wicked Lives Prophan'd.
Who can refuſe, ſubjection to embrace,
To one Endow'd with this Soul-ſaving Grace?
How Fooliſh are the Fears of thoſe, who think,
Our Church ſhall under *Rome*'s Oppreſſion ſink?
There's none on's all ſo Ignorant (I hope,)
But knows, the *French* King never lov'd the Pope.

Then

Then ſure for th' under Tribe, the Prieſts, and Friers,
He'll readily comply with our Deſires;
And give us Pow'r to ſweep 'em forth the Land,
They dare not Diſobey, if he Command.
Through him, we'll all their blackeſt Treaſons quell,
Through him, the Damn'd Contrivers all expell,
So Caſt out Devils, through the Prince of Hell.
Unthinking Crowd, is this the mighty end
You aim at, this the Conſcience you pretend?
Would you by this means have it underſtood,
How Zealouſly you wiſh your Country's Good?
What, then is this the Loyal Party's Cauſe?
Our Sticklers for Religion, and the Laws?
Our High-flown Church-men, who are Proteſtants,
Againſt the Church of *Rome*, but not of *France*;
They've taught their ſtubborn Zeal more complaiſance,
Would they with this poor ſhallow Artifice,
Conceal their little Treacherous Device?

Alas!

Alas! theſe Holy Shams are out of Date,
Religion, now is grown too ſtale a Cheat.
(Though much we've ſuffer'd for't, tho dearly bought)
We have at length the uſeful Knowledge got.
The Cunning'ſt Noted Sharper, heretofore
Has been the arrant'ſt Cully to his Whore.
The Topping Bullies now, though ne'er ſo Stout,
Have all, (or moſt) been Cowards, beaten to't.
Then ſure 'twere hard on us, if we alone,
Should be ſo many ſeveral times undone,
Yet end as arrant Fools, as we begun.
Who've known the great variety of taſt,
Such Pious Seeds produc'd, for Ages paſt,
Should now be caught our ſelves, with Chaff at laſt.
What but Jeſuitical Impudence,
Durſt e'er impoſe ſo groſly on the Senſe:
As if we could live ignorant o'th' Trade,
Where ſo many Religions have been made.

But hold! don't Judge too rashly, we may find
Several, whose Purposes are well inclin'd;
Who have no aim beyond the Publick Good,
How e'er it happens they're mis-understood.
What, though the Means and Methods they pursue,
Are all Erroneous, still their Zeal is true.
For, if Ignorance, (as we all on's know)
The Parent be, whence Piety doth flow,
Then Errour, truest Signs of Zeal does show.

Why this we would have granted, to the few
Well-meaning Harmless Souls; but the Damn'd Crew
Of Discontented Statesmen, kick'd from place
Of High Preferment, to profound Disgrace;
Of Politicians baulk't in full Career,
And Trap't Cock-sure, just when they left to fear:
Their Interest then hurrying on amain,
I'th' troubled Deluge of the Latter Reign:

Whose

Whoſe Rapid Torrent held a four years Courſe,
With an unuſual, and reſiſtleſs force;
Raiſing aloft, by its impetuous flood,
The Groveling Eels, Inhabiters of Mud.
Who, awkardly a while, o'th' Surface play'd,
And did the Nobler Element invade.
'Till an all-powerful Calm, unlook'd for came,
And ſtill'd the angry Billows of the Stream:
Whoſe clearneſs when recover'd, did affright
With Lucid Waves, thoſe Fiſhes of the Night;
Aſham'd they ſlunk into their Native Clay,
As Owls, or Goblins fly th' approach of Day.
Theſe can't pretend, (we reas'nably ſuppoſe)
Loſs of Religion, who had none to loſe.
Sure Stateſmens Conſciences are better known,
A Stateſmans Conſcience, when his Int'reſts gone!
Not Uſurers, when privacy affords
With ſafe Extortion, to encreaſe their Hoards:

Not Lawyers, when light Titles are supply'd
With weighty Gold, to poise the juster side;
Not *Fleet ſtreet* Whores, when Wine and Sleep conſpire,
To lull within their Arms, a Golden Squire;

Not a Religious, Praying, Whining Cit,
When with moſt Zeal, he plays the Hypocrite,
And has gain'd your good eſteem; nay farther,
Not Jeſuits, when to advance their Order,
More Naturally, or with leſs regret,
The then unneceſſary trifle quit.

Yet, theſe are Leaders, of the Pious Band,
The Conſcientious Patriots of the Land!
To theſe their Troop of *Paraſites* ſucceed;
Poor Scoundrels, who are *Jacobites* for need;
Theſe are the humble Creatures, of their Lords,
Who ſhit 'em in what form they pleaſe like T——

Fellows

Fellows, that for Dinners, and an old Coat,
Shall be of any ſide, give any Vote,
Like Ecchoes, only having Voice, by rote.
Next approach, (and theſe indeed ſit heavy)
All the diſcontented Tribe of *Levy*;
From theſe, the Cauſe has greateſt Aſſiſtance,
For they defend it, with *Non-Reſiſtance.*
Nay they bring Bigots too, for 'tis much fear'd,
A ſcabby Paſtor, does infect his Herd,
Theſe, Sanctifie Rebellion with the Church;
They'l hook in that, though they leave it ith' lurch.

Bleſs us, an Oath impos'd! that's too ſevere,
Muſt Holy Men againſt their Conſcience Swear?
Poor Hearts! A bitter Pill, they can't digeſt,
Prieſts were not more diſguſted at the Teſt.
Yet ſome have ſwallow'd it, and not been Sick,
Oh! when 'twas guilded with a Biſhoprick.

I, marry Sir, could we have all been Prelates,
There had been but few Diſſenting Zealots,
But 'ſtead of that, here ſeveral we find,
Who for the Lawn and Mitre, were deſign'd:
And after they'd agreed to Covenants made,
That any *Declaration*, ſhould be Read
In their precincts, to make which Contract faſt,
REGIS & SACERDOTIS VERBUM, paſt.
'Midſt of theſe Hopes they had to mount a Throne,
Juſt when aſpiring to ſit ſtill, tumbled down.
Beſide a Number of th' inferiour Sort,
All who had bought fair Promiſes at Court,
Nay ſome more forward too, had paid the Price,
To be inſtall'd in a Fat Benefice,
And had engag'd their Conſciences, to ſtretch
To all that was enjoyn'd 'em for to Preach,
And who at Under-rates could not agree,
Laid out their very Souls in Simony.

Yet

Yet after all (were ever Men ſo croſt!)
To be from theſe fair hopes o'th' ſudden toſt,
To be ſurpriz'd by a Revolution
That has hudl'd all things in confuſion.
Were ever Politicians ſo expos'd!
T' have all their Pious purpoſes diſclos'd,
And they themſelves, condemn'd to be perplex'd
In this World, who have forfeited the next.
Would not this fire a Saint, make patience hot?
Who, but would Swear at this? (ſo, it were not
For th' Government,) and vow to wreak Revenge,
On all who wrought the unexpected change.

I own, I think the Doctors are i'th' right,
What e're provok'd the Rev'rend S——s ſpight,
To give 'em that malicious Publick hint,
(The Sermon, (if I erre not) is in Print.)

When openly he ſtuck not to declare,
No *Jacobite* could utter the Lord's Pray'r,
But, thence as much debarr'd as Witches are.
This was ſevere, from one, who not long ſince,
Right Reaſon had the power to Convince.
But, let the Sacred Herd, unpuniſh'd paſs,
Heav'n in time may bleſs 'em with more Grace;
If not, yet gently may they ſpin their days,
Grow fat, by being Silenc'd and at Eaſe.

Next, does the medly of the Cauſe advance,
An indigeſted Chaos, wrought by chance,
To an ill-form'd Union; if that can be,
Union, whoſe parts though joyn'd yet diſagree.
For diff'rent Reaſons, theſe abhor the State,
In nothing ſympathizing, but in hate.
So Men of barb'rous Tempers, become Friends,
Such, each Man's Spleen, toth' tother recommends:

No

No Senſe of worth, does their Affection move,
But, for they hate alike, each other Love.

For ſome, who prudently reſolv'd to wait,
And watch th' uncertain end of lab'ring Fate:
Not knowing on the ſuddain, which way, beſt
They might eſtabliſh their own Intereſt;
Till from the Series of Succeſs, they learn'd,
Th' Almighty's ſelf, was in the work concern'd;
Then, would have truckl'd to the ſtronger Sway,
As unſteer'd Ships the ruling winds obey.
But tottering unſteady Barks, (like theſe)
Are only ſport, toth' Soveraign of the Seas,
From his Auſpicious Care, and Charge exempt,
Deſervedly were Shipwrack'd on Contempt.
Their Needy, forc'd compliance with the State,
Like Death-beds ſcorn'd Repentance came too late.

So,

So theſe, like Lewd Expiring Sinners fare:
Alike refus'd the benefit of Pray'r,
Are *Jacobites*, and *Scoundrels*, through Deſpair.
To th' ſlighted Fools, ſucceed young Fops a ſtore,
Things who ne're were of any ſide before;
But being told, that they'll be look'd upon
As Men of Honour, and Religion:
To joyn the weak, ſhows a Generous Spirit,
Their Enemies muſt own, that ſpeaks ſome Merit:
And if (as who can tell what may fall out)
Another Revolution come about;
They'r fair to be made Great Men, which 'tis plain
They'r never like to be in this King's Reign.
So th' young Gentleman, willing to be known,
By being o'th' wrong ſide, rather than of none,
Embraces ſtraight the Cauſe, and is Preferr'd
To th' Top Acquaintance, of the Grumbling Herd.

Grows Learn'd o'th' ſuddain, in Intrigues of State,
Can Politickly Argue, and Debate
Th' unhappy Caſe of Kings who Abdicate.
God's Judgements for Rebellion, much he fears,
Then falls a railing at the Court, and Swears,
There's no living, 'til the King Relaxes
Some of theſe Intollerable Taxes;
He vows to God, he ſhall be quite undone,
That all his Tenants, in arrears are run,
Once he'd a Leaſh of Whores, now keeps but one.
Nor has he Money left, to engage her
To ſtay, did not now at then a Wager
Hit, which comes from his being well inform'd
Which Towns will be held out, and which be ſtorm'd.
What Sieges to be laid, what rais'd, who ſlain,
And all that is to happen this Campaign.
Witneſs the ſwinging Stakes were won on *Mons*,
Athlone 'tis true's a little hard upon's;

Though there, we did not loſe on Information.
But the Damn'd brittle Valour of that Nation,
Which having Curs'd, with lift up Hands, and Eyes,
H' extols the *Gallick* Proweſs to the Skies;
And takes occaſion thence, to tell how much,
The Frothy *French* excell the muddy *Dutch*.
But here the Parly 'gins to feel decreaſe,
Like reſty Jade, at fag end of a Race,
The ill-bred Cauſes Vigour ſinks apace.
Juſt thus, a Veſſels emptineſs we know,
The poor expiring Cask, w'are ſure runs low,
Once Dregs, and fulſom Lees begin to flow.
Should I, all the unhallow'd Rout Rehearſe,
'Twere to debaſe the Dignity of Verſe.
Yet hold----a Chief Ingredient I'de forgot,
Nay, the very Life, Blood and Soul o'th' Plot.
O'th' Tender Charming Sex, a goodly throng,
To whom a num'rous Train of *Beaus* belong;

Theſe, with attractive Art, lead up and down
By th' Noſes, all the Smock-Hero's of the Town:
And form the Mightieſt Parties for the Cauſe,
For you know what, more than Ten Oxen draws.
Then, in their number, they exceed all meaſure,
All that are Whores, whether for Need, or Pleaſure.
Are *Jacobites*,——————
From keeping Counteſs in Embroyder'd Sattin,
Down to the humble trudging Punk in Patten.
For as foremention'd Politicians, hate
An uncorrupted and well-govern'd State;
So theſe abhor (and who can blame 'em for't)
The Vertuous Reformation, in the Court.
Oh! 'twas a Damn'd Malicious Reformation,
Juſt then to come, when Sin was grown in faſhion;
A little more, they might have don't bare-fac'd,
Without the paultry fear of being diſgrac'd:
If Cuckoldom had met with plain Conviction,
They might have pleaded Title of Preſcription.

But now again, 'tis grown a Scandal grown,
To Lie with any's Husband but ones own.

Hard Fate! I'me sure, however things are setl'd,
The Ladies have just reason to be nettl'd;
Whatever Rights or Laws may be secur'd,
They bear a hardship scarce to be endur'd:
Their Int'rest, and Religion's sure to fall,
If Pleasure sink, Pleasure to them is all.
With Liberty of Conscience, they'll Dispense
At any time, for Liberty of Sense
But that confin'd, a dreadful Grievance brings;
Ne'er felt, ith' Reigns of late departed Kings.
Ah! then were Joyous Days, when *Celia*'s Charms,
Cou'd Mold the Waxen Monarch in her Arms:
No interruption came from rude Alarms:
No noise of War to break the Soft Embrace,
Loves Tents, alone were pitch'd in Fields of Peace.

Alas!

Alas! what Alterations do we feel,
A Warlike Hero, Clad in rugged Steel,
Now Rules, whose too aspiring Soul's above
The low Inglorious flights of short-wing'd Love.
Our Darling Joys, he hence has taken far,
And all our ablest Youth debauch'd to VVar.
VVhile we, (ah! sure no harder Tax can be)
Are forc'd to pay the Mulct of Chastity.
Ah there's the Grief, and 'tis a dismal Case,
To see what Shifts poor Hearts make now a-days;
To see a Young and Tender Creature lye,
Melting in thought of Am'rous Extasie;
Her Morning Beauties glowing through desire,
Her Eyes, her Blood, her very Soul on fire
To taste the Bliss, when finding no relief,
She kicks, and gnaws the harmless Sheets for Grief.
Till grown impatient of the tingling Smart,
Nature inflam'd, she Mollifies by Art.

These Hardships justly weigh'd, who can forbear
To take the part of the much injur'd Fair?
Were I endu'd with a Good-Natur'd Muse,
I swear I'de write a Quire in their excuse.

But now, Dear Friend, there is some Respite due
Both to my Foundred *Pegasus*, and you.
With an uneven, dull and heavy pace,
I've whipt him through these dirty rugged ways;
Now trotting, now stumbling, now and then starting,
Sometimes asleep, then kicking out and Farting.
Seeing his scurvy Tricks, I think it fitter
To Set him up, give him his Oats, and Litter,
Than Spur him on, in an unpleasant Road,
Up to the Saddle Skirts, each Step in Mud.
For should I strive to tell those many Scores
Of Sycophants, discarded Pimps, and Whores,
With useless Bawds, now all turn'd out of doors.

Of

Of Affidavit-Men, and Knights o'th' Poſt,
And all the Devil's Factors, who have loſt
Their Trade at Court, with that fair Correſpondence
Which ſeem'd to be ſo firmly fix'd not long ſince.
'Twere endleſs Labour, I as ſoon might tell,
How many Fools on Earth, or Fiends in Hell.

If what I've ſaid already, ben't of Force
To ſtop your raſh and inconſiderate Courſe;
If you too deaf to all Advice are grown,
That (Maugre all theſe Plagues,) you'll come to Town;
Whatever Croſs, or Miſchief, thence is bred,
Be all the guilt alone upon your head;
Whatever Torments, Cares, or Pains enſue,
Be juſtly all aſcrib'd (alone) to you;
I've done my part, and can no more, Adieu.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 9. line 7. for *tepmer'd*, read *temper'd*. p. 11. l. 13. for *instructed*, r. *indulg'd*. for *Mild*, r. *Milder*. p. 16. l. 15. for *they left to*, r. *they'd lost their*.